DC

VERTIGO

3 of 5

OCT 93

JONAH HEX®

TWO-GUN MOJO™

JOE R. LANSDALE
TIMOTHY TRUMAN
SAM GLANZMAN

H. TRUMAN N. GLANZMAN '93

RECKON THEY'VE GONE OFF IN THE TREES.

BREAK OFF! SPREAD OUT!

I HADN'T NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO UPSET OVER A HANGIN' FALLIN' THROUGH AS THEM FOLKS.

THERE HE IS!

YOU'D THINK THEY'D COME UP WITH SOME OTHER FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT TO FALL BACK ON WHEN THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT. HORSESHOES, MAYBE.

BUT I FIGURED IF THEY WAS ALL THAT DISAPPOINTED, I COULD STILL SHOW 'EM A GOOD TIME.

JUST HANG ON, CHILD. I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YA.

HELL, I LIKED A GOOD TIME *MYSELF.*

SO WHO WAS I TO SPOIL ANOTHER FELLA'S FUN?

BWOOM!

HE'S SNUCK UP BEHIND US!

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

YIP

THUK

POW

POW

POW POW!

KAWBLAM!

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH...

IN THIS CASE, BOTH OF 'EM YOURS.

...ALL YOURS AGAIN.

FIGURES.

I LIKED HER.

GOT ALONG DARK AND THEY CAME ACROSS THEM BOYS I'D SHOT...

HE'S LIKE SOME KIND OF GHOST.

YOU SEEN WHAT HE DONE TO THESE HERE *OTHER* BOYS! LET'S GIVE IT UP!

...THE POSSE SORT OF LOST THEIR ENTHUSIASM.

MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO HANG.

NOTHING ELSE, WE STILL GOT PLENTY OF CHICKEN...

RECKON THEY HEADED ON HOME TO FIND SOME LITTLE ANIMAL TO KICK.

LATER ON, I SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE LITTLE ONE, BEST MANNER I COULD.

THE GROUND WAS TOO HARD AND THERE WERE TOO MANY ROOTS FOR BURYING, AND I RECKONED FOR NO DAMN GOOD REASON SHE'D HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY.

LITTLE A'FORE DAYBREAK, WHEN I FIGURED THEY'D STILL BE DIGESTIN' THAT FRIED CHICKEN, I COME BACK TO TOWN BY THE REAR WAY...

...ON PAST THE TRASH DUMP.

SOAP

AND THERE IN THE GARBAGE I SPIED AN OLD FRIEND.

OLD *SLOW GO SMITH*. FLYBLOWED AN' STIFF AS AN OAK WAGON TONGUE.

GOOD TO SEE THEY CARED SO MUCH ABOUT THE FELLA I WAS *SUPPOSED* TO HAVE KILLED AND HUNG FOR. LEAST THEY COULD HAVE DONE WAS STUCK A FLOWER IN HIS TEETH.

FIGURED I WAS GONNA FIND THE FELLA KILLED SLOW GO, I HAD TO START BACK AT THE STARTIN' PLACE.

W.K. HOWELL'S LIVERY

WHEEL TRACK LIKE THAT WOULDN'T BE HARD TO FOLLOW.

WAGON WAS HEADED IN A WESTERLY DIRECTION. DIRECTION ME AND SLOW GO HAD COME FROM.

SEED

HANGIN' CANCELED. PLEASE COME AGIN

REVEREND.

NACOGDOCHES 10 MILES OR THEREABOUTS

MUD CREEK SOME WAYS OFF

ARE YOU SAVED? THE END IS NEAR SEZ THE BOOK!

ARE YOU SAVED? THE END IS NEAR. SEZ SO

AFTER A DAY OF FOLLOWING SIGN AND PASSING FELLOW TRAVELERS ON THE ROAD AND NOT HAVING TO SHOOT NOBODY...

...I CAME TO A TOWN AND RAN OUT OF TRACKING LIGHT.

NO ONE RUSHED OUT TO TRY AND HANG ME.

THEN AGAIN, WEREN'T NOBODY OFFERIN' ME A SLICE OF FRUITCAKE NEITHER.

I'LL BE BACK.

PICKING UP THE TRACK OF SLOW GO'S KILLER FROM HERE WOULDN'T BE EASY, AS MANY WAGONS AND HORSES HAD TRAVELED THIS WAY.

BUT WHAT THE HELL ELSE DID I HAVE TO DO? 'CEPT FOR BEING WANTED FOR MURDER AND SHOOTIN' UP A LOT OF TOWNSFOLKS, LIFE WAS A LITTLE BORIN' ANYWAY.

HEY, BOY, TAKE THEM GRAYS OFF. DON'T YOU KNOW THE WAR'S OVER?

WHO DOES BURYING IN THIS TOWN?

BLACKSMITH. NEAL BARRETT. HE MAKES COFFINS AND PUTS 'EM DOWN.

NOT PRYIN', BUT THAT'S ONE HELL OF A CUT YOU GOT THERE, MISTER. WHAT HAPPENED?

BIT MY CHEEK EATIN'.

UNDERSTAND YOU MAKE COFFINS.

WHO'S DEAD?

FELLA LEANING UP BEHIND THE MERCANTILE. HE'S STIFF AND RIPE AND GOT ANTS ON 'IM. WHATEVER'S IN HIS POCKET YOU CAN HAVE FOR BURYIN'.

WHAT IF HE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'?

WELL, YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

NAH, I AIN'T.

ACTUALLY, YOU LOOK LIKE A HORSE'S ASS.

THERE YOU ARE.

MAN'S NAME IS **SLOW GO SMITH**. SEE THAT GETS ON A MARKER.

DON'T RECKON HE'D WANT NO PREACHER CROWIN' OVER HIM, SO FORGET THAT.

THIS OUGHT TO COVER IT, HE'S GOT ANYTHING ON HIM OR **NOT**.

RECKON SO.

YOU DON'T BURY HIM THE WAY HE OUGHT TO BE BURIED, SMITHY, THEN YOU BETTER GET ALL YOUR PERSONAL BUSINESS FIXED RIGHT--

--CAUSE YOU'LL BE STUFFIN' ONE OF YOUR OWN BOXES.

GO GET HIM NOW, 'FORE A DOG CARRIES HIM OFF.

GATHER ROUND! GATHER ROUND! DOC CROSS WILLIAMS HAS COME TO TOWN WITH MAGIC AND MEDICINE FOR A NICKEL!

AND SUDDENLY, THERE WAS THE *WAGON* I WAS LOOKIN' FOR.

TOP HAT WAS SPOUTIN' A KIND OF POETRY.

IF YOU'RE PLUGGED, BEEN SLUGGED, DOWN IN THE MOUTH OR DOWN IN THE BELLY, MAD OR SAD OR MEAN-SPIRITED AND DOG-KICKIN' ANGRY, WE GOT THE STUFF TO MAKE YOU RIGHT!

RHYMIN' WISE, I PREFERRED WALT WHITMAN, BUT I HAD TO BE DRUNK FOR THAT.

DOC "CROSS" WILLIAMS
ALCHEMIST, PHYSICIAN PARAPHYSICIST, CREATOR OF "SWEET BROWN" TONIC

GOT THE *PILES*, DONE TOO MANY *MILES*, HURT IN THE *CHEST*, NEED *REST*, DOWN IN THE *BACK*, PAIN IN THE ☆☆ *SACROILIAC...?* ☆☆

WELL, *NONE* OF THAT MEANS *NOTHING* IF YOU GOT WHAT YOU *NEED*, AND WHAT YOU NEED IS *DOC WILLIAMS' SWIGGIN'-GOOD* AND ☆☆☆ *HONEY-SMOOTH, SWEET BROWN BUSINESS!* ☆

Sweet Brown

Sweet Brown

Sweet Brown

Presenting

DOC "CROSS" WILLIAMS

ALCHEMIST·PHYSICIAN
PARAPHYSICIST
CREATOR OF
"SWEET BROWN"

I COULD'A GOTSTARTED BLOWIN' BRAINS OUT, BUT I WAS TRYIN' TO FIGURE ON THIS BUSINESS.

WHY HAD THEY STOLEN THEM BODIES BACK AT *MUD CREEK?*

AND WOULD THAT STUFF DOC WAS SELLIN' *REALLY* SHRINK THE PILES?

I MIGHT WANT TO PAY FOR A BOTTLE OF IT 'FORE I EMPTIED MY SHOOTER... NOT BEIN' A THIEF OR NOTHIN'.

BUT *NOW*, LADIES AND GENTS, LITTLE ONES, FOR YORE ENTERTAINMENT, TO WARM YOU TO THE POSITIVE CONSIDERATION OF DOC WILLIAMS' VERY FINE ELIXIR, LET ME PRESENT *FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS* OF WIGGLING AGILITY, RAMONA!

WITHOUT THIS HERE LITTLE BROWN LIQUID I SELL, RAMONA WOULD JUST BE A QUARTER-TON OF *WELL-MARBLED* ☆ *FLESH.* ☆

BUT THIS HERE *ELIXIR* GIVES HER THE *STRENGTH* OF A *BEAR*...

AAHHH!

...AND THE *AGILITY* OF A *DEER!*

AAAHHHH

AND WHO'D RECKON A FELLA ☆☆ SKINNY AS THIS HERE MAN -- *MISTER* STRING BEAN JONES, COULD LIFT MORE'N A SPOONFUL OF SOUP?

GONNA TAKE A CROWBAR GET HIM OUT FROM UNDER HER!

WELL, HE'S GONNA NEED A TRUSS, YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT.

OR BIGGER PANTS.

AHHHHH!

NOW, FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT... Half-Pint! THE WORLD'S GREATEST JUGGLER!

Sweet Brown

NOW I KNEW WHY THEY'D STOLEN THEM BODIES. FOR THEIR SHOW.

I RECKONED THEY'D PASS SHOWIN' THEM OFF HERE, NACOGDOCHES BEING SO CLOSE TO WHERE THEY WAS STOLEN, BUT A LITTLE LATER ON THEY'D ADD THEM TO THE ACT.

LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED...

...IT'S AILIN' YOU, THIS'LL *FIX* IT!

THE FELLA I *MOST* WANTED TO SEE... THE BUCK-SKINNED FELLA THAT HAD SHOT ME AND DONE IN *SLOWGO*... DIDN'T MAKE AN APPEARANCE. I FIGURED HE WAS STASHED IN THE WAGON.

DOC "CROSS WILLIAM WAGON of MIRACLES

I'D HAD ME A PRETTY BUSY DAY, SO I FIGURED I'D JUST WAIT TILL THEY WAS OUT OF TOWN, LEST I WORK UP A NEW HANGIN' PARTY OF CITIZENS WHO MIGHT NOT LIKE ME BLOWIN' HOLES IN THEIR ENTERTAINMENT.

THAT SURELY WAS DIFFERENT.

AND IT WASN'T NO LITTLE BROWN ELIXIR WHAT HAD DONE IT.

I DIDN'T *UNDERSTAND* ALL I *KNEW* ABOUT THIS BUSINESS.

SHOULD'A JUST GONE IN THERE AND SHOT THEM SONSABITCHES, BUT CURIOSITY HAD HOLD'A ME TIGHTER THAN SUNSHRUNK RAWHIDE.

BUT I COULDN'T FIGURE ON ANOTHER NIGHT'S SLEEP TILL I HAD SOME IDEA WHY THAT FELLA RODE AROUND IN A DAMN PICKLE BARREL...

AND WHO IN HELL WAS THIS *DOC WILLIAMS*, REALLY?

FIGURED ALONG MIDNIGHT, I'D FIND OUT.

AND IF THAT DIDN'T WORK, WELL, I'D JUST ANNOUNCE MYSELF AND *SHOOT* 'EM.

I WAS TIRED...

...I'D JUST SHOOT 'EM.

SNAP!

TRUMAN 'N GLANZMAN

BYRON • POEMS

POEMS

LORD BYRON

ATOMY
BY
MATURIN

KEEP IT QUIET, SNAKE OIL, OR YOU'LL BE SMELLIN' OUT THE BACK'A YORE HEAD.

I THOUGHT YOU WAS THE Devil.

HE'S SUPPOSED TO come FOR ME, YA KNOW.

HE HAS.

BUT AFORE I TAKE YA TO HELL, WHO IN THE NAME OF COOTER BROWN IS THAT FELLA KILLED MY PAL 'N' KNICKED MY HEAD?

Wild Bill Hickok!

HE'S BEEN resurrected!

I'LL SAY THIS: YOU GOT SAND.

BETTER HOPE THAT ELIXIR OF YOURS PLUGS BULLET HOLES.

CLICK

SMASH!!

I JUST GOT YOU A *PARTNER*, BILL.

PREPARE ANOTHER *PICKLE BARREL*, STRING BEAN.

MAKE IT *TIGHT*, HALF PINT.

C.S.A.

THE *CURING PROCESS* HAS *BEGUN.*

4. TRUMAN 'N SJG

NEXT:

Vendetta Times Two